And thankes, and now let vs towardes London,
To see our gentle Queene how she doth fare,
For by this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for vs.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Gloster to King Henrie in the Tower.

Glo. Good day my Lord. What at your Booke so hard?

Hen. I my good Lord. Lord I should say, rather;
'Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Gloster*, and good Diuell, were all alike.
What scene of Death hath *Rosius* now to act?

Glo. Suspition alwayes hauntes a guiltie minde.

Hen. The birde once limde, doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the hapless maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eye,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kilde.

Glo. Why what a foole was that of *Crete?*
That taught his sonne the office of a Birde,
And yet for all that, the poore Fowle was drowne.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos*, that denide our course,
Thy brother *Edward*, the Sunne that searde his winges,
And thou the enuious Gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my brest abide thy daggers poynt,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.

Glo. Why, dost thou thinke I am an executioner?

Hen. A persecuter I am sure thou art:
And if murdering Innocentes be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy sonne I kilde for his presumption.

Hen. Hadst thou bin kilde when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine:
And thus I prophesie of thee;
That many a Widdow for her Husbands death,
And many an Infants water standing eye,
Widdowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle shrike at thy birth; an euill signe,

The

The night-Crow cride, aboding luckless tune.
Dogges howlde, and hidious tempestes shooke downe trees,
The Rauen rookt her on the Chimnies top,
And chattering Pies in dismall discord sung,
Thy mother felt more then a mothers paine,
And yet brought foorth lesse then a mothers hope:
To wit, an vndigest created lumpe,
Not like the fruite of such a goodly tree;
Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast borne,
To signifie thou camst to bite the worlde:
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world *He stabs him.*

Glo. Die Prophet in thy speach, Ile heare no more,
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordainde.

Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. *He dies.*

Glo. What? will the aspyring blood of *Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground? I had thought it would haue mounted
See how my sword weepes for the poore Kings death,
Now may such purple teares be alwayes shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house,
If any sparke of life remaine in thee,
Stabbe him againe.
Downe, downe to hell, and say I sent thee thither,
I that haue neither pittie, loue, nor feare:
Indeed twas true that *Henrie* tolde me of,
For I haue often heard my mother say,
That I came into the worlde with my legges forward:
And had I not reason thinke you to make haste,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept, and the Midwife cride,
O Iesus blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed: which plainely signifide,
That I should snarle and bite, and play the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my body so,
Let Hell make crookt my minde, to answere it.
I had no father; I am like no father.
I haue no brother; I am like no brothers.